

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
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Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1927

No. 1

Three Score and Ten

(A whimsical lay of the King's jongleur)

Sing a song of three-score, add unto it ten:
Thus have you span of years, set for mortal men.
Sing a song of New Years, quick forget the past,
Soon will dawn the New Year for us each the last.

Sing a song of children, playing in the square,
Christ unto their whimsies doth our life compare.
Sing a song of longings which in our hearts have place:
Gold at end of rainbows, foolish do we chase.

Sing a song of crosses set upon a Hill,
And you have the treasure God for us doth will.
Sing a song of sorrow, full of sin and strife,—
With no Faith to guide us, such is mortal life.

Sing a song of three-score, add unto it ten:
Weary years of exile for poor mortal men.
Sing a song of Heaven, greet the glad New Year:
God is watching o'er us, foolish all our fears.

—M. J. R.—C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The trying period of incertitude and hesitation was past, the momentous decision had been made, and Tom and Moira, armed with a license from the county clerk, were in Father Casey's parlor to fix the day.

"And so you want Wednesday, the eleventh," said the priest fingering the pad where he noted his appointments. "If I remember rightly, that day is spoken for. Let me see. Ah, here it is: Wednesday, the eleventh—taken. Thursday, the twelfth—taken. We can have your marriage Friday, the thirteenth."

"All right, Father," replied Tom. "I'd rather Wednesday or Thursday, for I have just five days off, beginning Wednesday; but since those days are taken, put us down for Friday."

"The Lord between us an' all har-rm!" cried Moira. "I'll not marry av' a Friday—an' the thirteenth to boot. 'Tis bad luck it would bring us."

"But don't you see," urged Tom, "if we don't choose that day, my leave of absence will be over before we are married at all."

"Thin let you get your lave of absence another time," said Moira.

"This is America, acushla, where we work with system. I must take my vacation when I can get it."

"You must take me when you can get me, an' that same'll not be av' a Friday, the thirteenth. Nor don't 'Acushla' me; it sounds too quare with your Yankee brogue." And the saucy tipped nose tipped higher still.

"You would think, Father, to hear this one talk," said Tom slyly, "that she hadn't come the three thousand miles between this and Ireland, expressly to marry me."

"Three thousand miles to marry you!" she stormed. "As if I'd walk the length av a paddock to marry an ould brown bur-rd like you, whin I could have had anny av the handsome, rosy-faced young Irish lads in the parish for on'y sayin' the wur-rd."

"How quick you left the same rosy faces behind you the minute you got a letter from your Uncle Mike saying that the splendid young

man, Tom Flannagan, that you used to like so well before he went away to America, had made his fortune and wanted to marry you."

"Your Reverence, listen to the consate av him. Didn't my Uncle Mike know well that I'd never stir a fut had he so much as mentioned the big akward Flannagan boy that left Ireland when I was a babe in ar-rms. Though now they tell me he would be commin' every 'tother day begging an' pleadin', let ye send for little Moira, let ye send for little Moira."

"What peace and harmony you two are going to have in your new home!" laughed the priest. "But, come now, you can't have the joy of fighting with each other all the rest of your life unless you agree just this once and settle the date of your wedding. What will it be, Friday, the thirteenth?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"No," said Moira.

"Sure, the day and the date will do us no harm," said Tom.

"Tom Flannagan, I'll not marry you Friday, the thirteenth, an' if I sit single forever," said Moira.

Here the priest thought it his place to interfere. The matter of day and date was theirs to determine; but a question of right and wrong called for a statement from their pastor.

"Moira, don't you know superstition is a sin—a big sin?"

"Shure, I do, your Reverence. Didn't we learn that in our cattychism?"

"Believing in signs and omens is superstition."

"Plaze God, I wouldn't believe in such things, for I know 'tis sinful."

"That is just what you are doing when you believe that a certain day can do you harm because it happens to fall on a Friday or on the thirteenth of the month."

"If that is believing in signs an' omens, I won't believe in it."

"Then you will be married on that day, as Tom suggests."

"Arrah, I'll not, thin. Shure, 'twill bring bad luck."

"But don't you see," urged the priest, "that is believing in signs and omens. Friday or the number thirteen is a vain sign or omen. The only reason why you refuse that day is because it is Friday, the thirteenth. Which proves that you believe in that vain sign or omen—no matter what you say to the contrary. That is superstition—superstition of the clearest kind."

"Look at that, Moira. Drop those foolish superstitions," interposed Tom.

"Is it for you to be chiding me about foolish superstitions?" she cried, venting her ire on his luckless head. "What is more foolish nor what I see you doing a dozen times a day? 'Knockin' on wood,' you call it. 'I haven't had ary an accident since I have been driving this machine,' sez you. And straightaway you knock on wood so your luck won't turn. I'll go bail his Reverence will tell you that is superstition as much as ever Friday or the number thirteen."

"That is only a bit of a joke they have here in America," said Tom lightly.

"Now, don't be tellin' lies before the priest of God. You said you'd never had an accident. If you didn't knock on wood right away after sayin' that, you would have had a sneakin' fear in your heart that mebbe something might happen. Wouldn't you now? Answer me that."

Tom had sense enough to see that his little bride-to-be had read him like a book and that she was lawyer enough to hold him to the point. Accordingly he admitted the charge with what grace he could, adding however, that "sure there was no great harm in that."

"Isn't that believing in vain signs an' omens, your Reverence?" she demanded.

"Yes," said the priest.

And isn't that superstition?" she continued inexorably.

"It is."

"Then the two of us are in the same boat," said Tom, now thrown on the defensive himself. "But after all, what great harm can there be in such little things?"

"Harm enough, Tom. Isn't there harm in high treason?"

"High treason, Father Tim? What do you mean?"

"High treason against God. Isn't it high treason to fraternize with the enemy?"

"Yes, Father."

"And isn't the devil the enemy of God?"

"He is."

"Then, when you solicit aid or favors from the devil, you are guilty of high treason against God. You are like the misguided woman who lit a candle to the Archangel St. Michael and said her prayers, but before leaving she looked at the hellish dragon beneath his feet and lit

a candle to it. When called to task for her impiety, she replied: 'Wisha thin, 'tis good to have friends in both places.' Such divided allegiance is permitted neither in temporal nor in spiritual warfare. It is fraternizing with the enemy."

"But, Father, knocking on wood has nothing whatever to do with the devil, nor, for that matter, neither has Friday, the thirteenth."

Little Moira's black eyes flashed triumphantly when she saw her erstwhile opponent thus forced to take sides with her in the defense.

"You will admit," continued Father Casey, "that neither the particular day of the week, called Friday, nor the particular number, called thirteen, have of themselves any natural power to do you harm—nor, for that matter, has the black cat that you see, the rabbit that crosses your path, or the hearse that you meet."

"None in the world," assented Tom with a heartiness that aroused the suspicions of Moira as to the loyalty of her advocate. She shrewdly guessed that he had not forgotten her alarm on seeing a black cat the night of their engagement and on meeting a hearse when they came from the court house with the license.

"By the same token," persisted the priest, "you will admit that the piece of dry wood on which you rap your knuckles has of itself no natural power to protect you against future harm."

Tom grudgingly admitted the proposition. The malicious maid had her revenge, for she added:

"No, nor the bit of a horse's shoe an' brass four-leaved clover you have on your purse to save it from pickpockets."

"Therefore when you believe that marrying on Friday and the like will bring you evil, and that knocking on wood and the like will bring you good—effects which these actions cannot produce naturally—you are expecting these results from some preternatural force, are you not?"

"That's a big word, Father Tim," parried Tom.

"Preternatural? It means outside, beyond, nature. You are expecting these effects from some power outside, beyond, nature, are you not?"

"I don't mind that I ever did," replied Tom.

"You expect the result. You know it cannot come naturally. Therefore you must, and you do, expect it preternaturally."

"Well, I suppose so," he conceded.

"No supposing about it, you do."

"Yes, Father."

"Therefore you expect it from the devil."

"Glory be to God," cried Moira, making the sign of the cross. "Whoever thought of such a thing?"

"Actions speak louder than words," retorted the priest. "You deliberately place an action or abstain from an action because you expect a result which can be produced only by a preternatural power. Therefore you seek a result through the instrumentality of the devil. That is fraternizing with the devil—high treason against God."

"But there are other—what do you call it—preternatural powers besides the devil," argued Tom.

"There are two preternatural powers, the power of God and God's messengers and friends, the angels and saints, and the power of the devil and of the devil's minions."

"Then, why must we expect this from the devil? Why can't we expect it from God?"

"Your own common sense will tell you why. God will not use foolish and absurd means, such as rapping on wood or looking at the new moon over your left shoulder or counting the tea leaves in the bottom of the cup, to bring you good luck or reveal to you hidden things. Neither will God sanction such senseless fears as abstaining from a good action on Friday or refusing to be one of thirteen guests at a table, in order to ward off future harm. These things have nothing edifying about them; they do not in any way partake of the nature of prayer to God; they do not foster faith or piety; they are not recommended, quite the contrary, they are condemned, by the Church. Therefore it is clear that God will not stultify Himself and perform a miracle for those who make use of such things. You know, to expect preternatural results from merely natural actions is to expect a miracle. Once more: You expect preternatural results. You know they cannot come from God. Therefore you expect them from the devil."

"Then, we'll pay no attention to signs and omens, but set the day of our wedding for Friday, the thirteenth," said Tom.

"Will we set it, at all, I dunno," said Moira. "Didn't I dream on'y last night that we were married, an' I saw you with your hands full av money. An' shure, they say, to dream av money is a sign av bad luck."

"It's a sign you took too much for supper," said Father Casey sharply. "Away with this idle belief in dreams. That is superstition too."

"But doesn't the Bible say that God spoke to holy St. Joseph in a dream?"

"God has, on a few extraordinary occasions, spoken to men in dreams, but when He did so, He accompanied His message with unmistakable proofs that it came from Heaven. Hence the Bible gives no warrant for the foolish and superstitious custom of trying to twist the ramblings of the imagination during sleep into divine revelations of future events."

Moirá looked up at her betrothed husband with her most alluring smile:

"Tell his Reverence to make it the fourteenth." Then to the priest: "Shure, that's a Saturday, an' isn't Saturday Our Blessed Mother's own day?"

THE CATHOLIC HEART

"The real Catholic heart," writes Josephine Macdonald in Columbia, "is different from any other heart in the world, because the Catholic Church is different from any other church in the world. Our Church has always fostered wholesome human affections and wholesome human desires. It has its colorful symbolic ceremonials where others have their barrenness. It has its rigid voluntary sacrifices, where others have their indulgence. It has escaped the worldliness of the Moderns, and the unworldliness of the Orient as well, and the result is sanity—God-like sanity in its doctrines and in its members, hearts that weep, and laugh, and live; normal human hearts."

And perhaps the reason at bottom is because we have Jesus with us in the Blessed Sacrament in all reality. He is the soul of wholeness and normality, who knew sorrow and joy, friendship and child-love, all the woes and needs of men, the very depths of their heart of hearts—Who is God at once and man.

All our acts, however insignificant they seemed at the time of their happening, were in reality of grave importance. Everything was recorded, even the trifling things that we have long forgotten. All of them, without exception, shall go with us to the Judgment Seat of God.

"The highest lesson we can learn is this: To know ourselves truly and to look down upon ourselves."—*Imit.*

And Now They Whisper Saint

Chap. II. "Taught to the Tune of the Hickory Stick"

C. SS. R.

"The whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."—*Shakespeare*.

If there is any predicament in which the ordinary reader can scarcely conceive a saint, it is the latter dextrously avoiding his father while bearing in his bosom a bad report card. A picture of the future saint nimbly stepping out one door while his father unexpectedly enters by another, is one to make us gasp. A whisper of it would bring tears of joy to the cold eyes of a Devil's Advocate. Yet such is the very human situation in which we choose to introduce our very human saint—so our first glimpse of young Neumann discovers him wearing that glum, joyless, uneasy look common to lads who bear over heavy hearts an incriminating report. But—lest our learned readers smile superiorly upon this luckless youth as an unscholarly dolt, or our youthful ones press his hand as a lazy comrade, we make haste to say that all the blame for these low notes should not be laid at the feet of young Neumann. Rooming with students whose farthest thought was study; studying under a master whose hours were impartially divided between his books and his bottle—these might be alleged as circumstances somewhat extenuating if not wholly explanatory. Besides a second examination saw him hand in a paper which was returned almost unscarred.

Far from being backward, John Neumann was unusually bright. In fact he had a passion for knowledge. If it were customary for little lads to adopt a coat of arms we would imagine Neumann's to have been an immense question mark majestically surmounting the inscription "Mama, Why?" Like a child that is not content with seeing his Jumping John leap out of the box, but pokes around trying to find out why Master Jack is so alacritous, our young friend wanted to know the why of greater things. One fine evening when the little fellow lay in bed, his chin resting on his elbow and his gaze fixed on a big round pumpkin moon that hung clear and mellow above the towering mountains, a sudden doubt made his blue eyes widen in childish wonder. He turned to his brother under the covers at his side and propounded his perplexing difficulty. But the latter, more interested then in mattresses than

in moons, only bawled out to his mother that John wouldn't let him go to sleep. Mother flounced into the room in a flurry but stopped in amazement when John calmly asked: "Mama, how does our heavy earth float in the air just like the moon without falling?" Now Mama may have known why or she may not; but the only answer that Mama's son received was that no matter *what* kept the earth floating, *he* didn't and all *he* had to do was to go to sleep and not disturb his brother. Forthwith the discouraged little scientist obediently nestled under the blankets—to dream of worlds floating about like soap-bubbles, or hanging like Japanese lanterns from invisible strings.

The education that was to make John Nep. Neumann "one of the most learned men in the United States" began in his native town of Prachatitz, where he droned out his lessons to the village Catechist. From the stern sway of this bespectacled and bookish martinet, he passed to the College of Budweis, a town famed on this side of the Atlantic for a product other than its institute of learning. From the College he passed to the Seminary—for there had long been singing in his ears the silvery trumpet call that summons recruits to God's army of priests. The lofty peaks of knowledge whereon young Neumann planted his banner and the broad horizon of learning these heights accorded him, are at once astounding and discouraging if we do not remember that he reached these scholarly heights only after a stiff, panting, tireless climb. He didn't exactly ride through cheering lines of Latin verbs, nor did he fathom all those peculiar picture-puzzles of Geometry at the very first glance. In his firm of Messrs. Work, Brains & Co., Mr. Work was the senior member. Neumann's genius merely sat at the steering wheel with a road-map beside him, while constant application, like the steady throbbing of the engine, brought him up the grades. So when we say that Neumann, before he left Seminary walls, had mastered at least eight languages, one for every finger of his hands (not to spite his thumbs, he later acquired two more)—if we say that he distinguished himself in Canon Law; if we say that he was the Seminary authority on Scripture; if we say that he was universally respected as a theologian, so much so that once he sustained a discussion of several hours with the ablest professor of the Seminary, at the end of which the latter remarked that any theological journal would be proud to feature Neumann's extempore defense—if we point to all these trophies that the young man of twenty-five humbly bore from the Semi-

nary, please do not think all these scholastic achievements were solely the result of brains, brains, and more brains. Oh, no; it wasn't a question of merely shaking the tree and gathering the fruit. It wasn't just a case of glancing at a book and tossing it aside, confident of a thesis thoroughly mastered. Often it was a case of staying up far into the night, till his eyes grew heavy and his chin dropped on his breast and he slept—slept in his chair till the bright sun laughed at the sickly flame of his flickering lamp. To learn French, Neumann left a Seminary that was convenient for one that was far away. To learn English he spent his free hours talking with English workmen in a factory. Who of us would daily stoop through the door of a sweat-shop to learn a foreign tongue?

The finer arts of music and painting were not unknown to him. Excellent products of his brush still remain, and old schoolfellows in lingering reminiscences have pictured him sweeping the strings of his zither in harmonies sweet and wild. But this was not the whole Neumann. To the soul of the artist and the clear, systematic mind of the theologian, he added the universal curiosity of the scientist. He loved "to draw the bolt of Nature's secrecies." Of a fair night he would sit beside his lofty little window, and from that tiny observatory watch the marching pageant of the stars, pausing now to level his small telescope at some pin-point of light, and again laying it down to jot rapid calculations. Any bright summer holiday you might find him strolling the meadows or picking his way through the woods, with an expert eye ever on the alert for rarities in flowers, grasses, leaves. A botanist of acknowledged authority, he built up a collection that is still fondly treasured and proudly displayed by a Munich museum. Not a specimen he bore triumphantly home but was subjected to the powerful eye of his microscope; and as he gazed on the marvelous structure of a tiny insect or the powdery scale of a butterfly's wing, there ran through his scientist's breast the thrill of the explorer—the thrill that vibrates the heart of him whose eye is first to sweep the vast waters of an unknown sea.

So much for his studies. As for his spiritual life, suffice it to say that every morning found him attentively hearing Mass, and every evening saw him paying a visit of love to the Blessed Sacrament. It is needless to remark that he was pure as the sunshine, and to preserve himself stainless he unceasingly mortified his flesh. Not that he walked

about a hollow-checked, watery-eyed spectre. That was not Neumann's style; he was a *hidden* saint, and he practiced his mortifications and prayed his prayers in the silence and secrecy of his room. Had the man next door been asked about Neumann, he must have answered that he went to chapel with the rest and left it with the rest and didn't appear to be doing much extra. But Neumann was—though only one or the other friend and his own diary knew it. Your true saint is a born strategist in hiding his holiness.

Now here is a young man in the prime of life, and the flush of health; before his classmates, a brilliant and thorough student; before God, a hidden, unknown saint. Would you not think that life for him would be sweet as a blossom's fragrant breath, cheery as the song of a carefree bird? But no. During his two years at the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Prague, when he was gathering his last and fairest scholastic laurels, he was all that dreary while hanging on the Cross. A pure youth, and things impure haunted him; a prayerful youth, and all his ardor for prayer smouldered out like a fire; a saintly youth, and Despair pictured him picking his way on the brim of hell; a youth Catholic to the core, and his none too Catholic confreres publicly ridiculed his loyalty to Rome; a quiet, modest, friendly youth, and everyone, professors and students alike, despised and avoided him—left him to hang on his cross alone, or if they came near, it was only to wag their heads and mock this too orthodox Catholic of Catholics. They could not change his principles, so they jeered at them with leering mirth.

Enough, was it not? Yet on top of it all, like the lance driven into his crucified soul, came the blow from his Bishop—Budweis was overstocked with priests; his ordination must be indefinitely postponed. Imagine the longing of a saint to stand at the altar of God; then conjecture, if you can, the deep disappointment, the speechless grief that overshadowed Neumann's soul. To leave college without a diploma—that is nothing; but to leave the Seminary unordained—sorrow has no keener shaft in its quiver. How did Neumann bear the blow? Did he fling himself upon the grave of his cherished hopes, and whimper protestingly? Did he mutter resentfully against God? No. He kissed the rod that chastened him. Every affliction was to him but the "Shade of His Hand outstretched caressingly." Every cross was a ladder to Heaven. To each and all of us Neumann sets a shining example to suffer our grief like followers in the bloody path of the Crucified; to

let no whining plaint, no rebellious outcry escape our lips, but to pray the prayer of Christ: "Father, not My will but Thine be done." And God—that dear, kind God who has a smile for every tear-drop and a balm for every wound—will catch us up in His loving arms and press us close to His fatherly Heart. "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

To suffering, Neumann, generous soul that he was, added sacrifice. Just as the Bleeding Christ, while hanging in mortal agony on Calvary's bloody tree, gave up in that racking hour His dearest earthly possession, His own dear sweet Mother Mary, so Venerable Neumann, hanging from his own little cross of sorrow in the dark Calvary of his soul, found the strength to be another Christ and give up his own cherished mother—yea, and his dear old father, his sisters, his brothers, his home, his country, his prospects—all—and all for the sweet sake of the suffering Christ.

God's broad American acres were white with the harvest—and laborers, alas! were few and overworked. He would go there—a foreign missionary—an exile of love.

Seminary days—Calvary—were over. Neumann came down from his Cross—but, like Christ, he descended only to enter the tomb—the dark silent tomb of the Hidden Life.

Not in Bohemia. In America.

But, then, was not Christ buried in the tomb of a stranger?

(To be Continued)

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

A man had a dolorous wife. Whenever she recited a sad tale, he said to her: "It might be worse."

One morning at the breakfast table, she related that she had dreamed that both she and her husband had been consigned to hell. To which the husband remarked rather indifferently:

"It might be worse."

"And what could be worse than that?" she asked peevishly.

"Why," answered he, "if we were consigned to hell in reality instead of in a dream."

Many of our ills are altogether or at least largely a mere dream of our working imagination. "It might be worse."

The Missionary Father Was Mistaken!

C. Ss. R.

I have a little story to tell. I have it from the person most concerned; and therefore, it must be true: I learned it during the course of a mission.

Many years ago, one of my predecessors in the work of the missions had been at this same place. At that time it was necessary to inveigh vehemently against the evils of drink. And there were many who tipped in those days, in said place.

According to custom the good Father had asked the men—it was during the week of the Mission for Men—each and everyone of them to be apostles. And in order to prove their apostolic zeal they should bring in one or more back-sliders. The appeal must have been a strong one, for reports have it that each man was an apostle during that short week.

The old man who narrated the incident to me was one of these same apostles. He and a companion were employed as just plain “white-wings,” street sweepers in the olden days. And such a companion as he had! This same companion had the habit of having visited all the saloons in the district before going to work; during the day he was likewise a frequent visitor of the neighboring saloon—to slake his thirst, as he used to say, and to help the dust downward, lest it choke him. Regularly, the evening of the day found him quite hilarious and “full as a tick.” He had not yet attended the mission, but his companion kept after him. Finally, in spite of his plea that he had no time, he listened to the oft repeated invitations and promised to attend that evening. “You will find me there—promptly.” True to his word he was there, and also promptly. To be sure of a place he went right up to the front, took a seat under the very pulpit and awaited the beginning of the services.

Father was a small man and scarcely appeared over the top rail of the pulpit. But his smallness of figure was compensated for by a voice of power. He began. And what a sermon he did preach! With all his might he inveighed against the evils of drink.

The poor, casual visitor of that evening’s services was hot and cold by turns. The beads of sweat told of his going through a regular

purgatory of torture. He was seeing things, he thought. But the conclusion of the sermon was terrific. "The drunkard hears and knows the evils of which I speak; yet, he will not be converted. The drunkard sees the ruination of his family through his drinking; yet, he is not converted. The drunkard feels that he is ruining his own health; yet, he is not converted. The drunkard sees how he is casting his own soul into hell; yet, he will not be converted!" The eloquence of the good Father forced his hands outward in gestures pointing to the sinners of that stamp. The poor fellow who sat under the pulpit could see nothing but that tell-tale finger pointing at himself. "That Father knows me and is talking directly at me!"

So far so good. At the end of the sermon the men leave the Church for their homes. Our companions meet, accidentally. "By Golly! Joe, I am going to show that old priest that he is mistaken. From this day on I will not touch another drop!" Said and done nobly. He kept his word, not for a week or a month, but for the rest of his days.

Thus you see, dear Reader, that for once the missionary was mistaken.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I should like to make public thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. In a terrible accident I called on Our Lady and in some unaccountable manner alone escaped unhurt."

"I am enclosing five dollars for the students, which we promised our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Joseph for a young man to find work. Our petition was granted." St. Louis.

The real earnest desire to imitate Our Lady must not be a mere passing idea—"How beautiful to be like Our Lady, I wish I were,"—and then no more thought about it; but a real purpose which comes into the heart and never more leaves it, becoming part of ourselves.

Blue and white are our Blessed Lady's colors. Perhaps that is why the sky above us and the sea around us are blue fringed here and there with white. God wished to remind us constantly of His Blessed Mother and ours. Our Lady's colors: the blue of Fidelity and the white of Purity.

Maggy

CHAP. V. METHODS AND MEANS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

We get a better idea of Maggy's work by taking a closer and more personal glance at it. Through her brother's account we are enabled to follow her on her daily visitations of the poorer districts.

For instance, there is the case of little Lena. It was a cold winter's day. As Maggy came out of the school during the recess hour, she saw a little girl leaning against the wall in a corner of the building. Poor thing—she was pale and wan and shivering with the cold as she huddled up against the wall to shield herself as much as possible from the biting wind.

"What's the matter, Lena?" she asked cheerily and yet sympathetically of the little one. "Why aren't you playing with the rest of the children?" The little eyes drooped and she remained silent a moment. Maggy waited.

"I am so cold!" the tot said at last, as the tears burst from her eyes and she tried to wipe her eyes with her cold, stiff, blue fingers. Maggy silently took hold of the girl's dress and felt it. How thin!

"Why, child," she said, "Haven't you a shawl or a cloak to put on?"

"No—nothing!" replied the poor girl.

"Here—take this!" answered Maggy at once, pulling the warm shawl from her own shoulders and tucking it carefully around the shivering little form. "Now let me dry those tears or they'll freeze on your cheeks," she concluded smiling into a happy face that smiled back at her.

Maggy herself, despite her delicate frame that was so susceptible to the grippe, trudged the long way home minus her shawl. "I am so happy," she said, "that my heart is warm."

By this time Maggy had won a companion and dear friend for her work. Her name was Johanna. Together they would make the rounds of the homes in the poor Flemish quarter, bringing food, clothes, or at least comfort and encouragement and often new faith to the unfortunate people.

One night, after school work, the two could be seen going through the dark streets down toward Demblon Street—the poorest section of

all. Margaret was silent. Johanna was disturbed at this for it was quite unusual for the ordinarily cheery girl.

"Why don't you speak, Maggy?" she asked at length. "Are you sad?"

"Oh, no, no!" answered Maggy. "Why should I be sad?"

"Have I offended you in any way?" the other girl pursued, fearing that she might have hurt her companion.

"My dear, good Johanna," replied Maggy, impulsively taking her hand and squeezing it affectionately; "don't be hurt by my silence. I am not speaking simply because I am praying that our Lord may put in my heart the right words to say to these poor people we are going to see. We do not have to talk much, but we have to pray much. God must do the good. Let's pray together, Johanna, will we?"

And in the cool of the night they walked on praying silently, forming a power strong enough to penetrate the slums of vice and convert, God only knows, how many perverted souls.

"Johanna," said Margaret suddenly as she halted before a house, "now we have to face a big gun—the Verdonks."

"The Verdonks! For Heaven's sake!" ejaculated Johanna—for these people were well known in the city. "Don't you remember, Maggy, that Father tried to get in there and he just narrowly escaped a beating—by getting out as fast as he could? And are you going to try to speak to them?"

"Let us say a little prayer before we go in," said Maggy unperturbed. After a moment she added, as if she had received a sudden inspiration: "Let us go across the street first to that dear old friend of mine and do something for her—a kindness, you know or a little alms, is the best preparation for some good work."

Having accomplished their mission of charity, they returned and knocked at the door of the Verdonks. A woman opened to them—she was of big and masculine build.

"Good evening, Mrs. Verdonk," the girls greeted.

"Good—" that was all the woman said. Before she finished her greeting she recognized her visitors. And planting her clenched fists on her hips, she fairly shouted at the two girls: "You are the girls from Hesbaye Street, aren't you? Get out of here as fast as you can!"

"Dear lady," said Margaret very modestly, "we are tired and wet—it has begun to rain—just look at our dresses! Couldn't we come in a minute and rest!"

"Well," replied the woman, hesitatingly, but in a gentler tone, "if that is all you want—just to come in and rest—all right, come in."

Under her rough and rude exterior, Mother Verdonk really had a good, kind heart. But she was an active member of the Social-Democratic Party and the mere sight of a priest or Catholic just sent the blood to her head. Maggy sat down in the little parlor and talked in her usual tactful way. What she said we do not know. Eight days later, however, Mother Verdonk was at the Franciscan Church for confession and services.

VI. NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE FOR LOVE

Another apparently impossible case that Maggy attempted in her own simple way was that of the Marouf family. Mr. Marouf, the head of this redoubtable clan, was a truck-driver, when he worked at all; more generally he was just a general roustabout, mixed up in every neighborhood fight, ready for any underhand job, a go-between for thieves in disposing of their stolen goods. He defied God, the devil and the police, and owing to his bravado, enjoyed a certain sovereignty in the slums. His wife was a woman just worthy of such a rascal. As for the children—in this godless and wild environment, they grew up as a band of good-for-nothings, who promised well one day to give the police a good deal of trouble.

The parish priest of the section had tried again and again to get hold of the older children in order to prepare them for first Holy Communion and give them a bit of religious instruction; he even offered to fit them out for the occasion. To no avail. One of the Franciscan Fathers tried his hand, but the wife met him with a disdainful and obstinate silence and he could accomplish nothing.

One day Maggy appeared at the door. She feigned to be looking for someone she could not find.

"I've lost my way, apparently," she said to the woman as she appeared. "Could you tell me where So-and-so lives?" And with that she started a conversation. One thing led to another. They sat down in the room and talked. Some of the children came into the room and Maggy at once took the smallest on her lap, while the others crowded around her trustingly. She gave them candy and played with them—the mother the while looking on highly pleased.

"Well, I must go," Maggy said at length, rising. "But I shall come

again and I'll bring a suit of clothes for this little man," she added, with her hand stroking a little cotton-headed chap.

"Do come," replied the woman. "I shall be glad to see you. Life is so full of hardships nowadays."

Margaret did come again—often, in fact, and always with little presents for the children. The children waited for her and eagerly ran to meet her when they saw her coming.

"Those people are merely exploiting you," said some to Maggy, when they heard of it.

"Let them," answered the noble girl. "I am going to bring their souls to God."

"But you won't succeed—it would take a miracle," they insisted.

"Well, miracles still happen. And even if I do not succeed," she responded with finality, "at least, I have done some charity and that is enough for me."

But Maggy did succeed. In these vicious hearts there still smouldered a feeble spark of Christianity. Little by little these people began to recognize the love, the supernatural and heroic goodness of this girl whose conduct was absolutely devoid of any selfish purpose. The two older children came to her for private lessons, and invariably she added catechism lessons until she had them ready for first Holy Communion. That was her first victory. Then she proceeded to explain the catechism to the younger children, on her visits to the family, the parents being present. By degrees father and mother began to listen with attention, and even, on Maggy's suggestion, began to hear the children's lessons themselves. By now she had completely won the affection of children and parents. The children gladly left the socialist school and came over to the school where Margaret taught; they were gained for God and religion.

Now for the parents. Easter was coming on. She suggested that they make their Easter duty. No, that they would not do; all urging was in vain. Maggy was not discouraged. She kept at it. Easter came, and to the wonder of all, the whole Marouf family appeared at the altar rail. Their attitude showed that their Communion was not a mere formality but an act of the deepest and sincerest piety.

VII. MAGGY TURNS PAPER HANGER

Her charity, in fact, knew no bounds. She stopped at nothing.

She was afraid of nothing. There was something about her—it was her sincerity and love of God, no doubt—that opened every door to her and gained entrance for her everywhere.

In one of the tumble-down shacks near the railway depot of Liège, she found one day a man lying sick abed—or on what should have been a bed. One who saw the case himself, says that you would have to look twice to find the sick man. For pots and pans, shoes and rags of clothing, rickety chairs and furniture so littered the room that the dirty and uncared-for bed in the corner could hardly be seen. The windows were black and grimy with dust and smoke and scarcely let a ray of sunshine through.

The sick man's wife, a small flabby woman, unkempt, squalid and hard-looking, lay on a couch and almost literally let things go to the dogs. The man was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

One evening, after her school work as usual, Maggy came by and stepped in. She had her usual packages with her and at once started a conversation with the sick man. To the poor fellow, neglected by his wife, abandoned, soured on life, Maggy came like an angel from heaven, bringing into his bitter life the first ray of consolation and joy. She knew how to inspire hope and joy. As she spoke, she noticed that the poor fellow loved flowers.

Next day Margaret came again.

"Look!" she cried joyously as she entered the shack. "Look what the good God has sent you!" And from a box she carried, she took out a bouquet of fresh roses, for which she had paid dearly at that season of the year, and laid them on the sick man's bed. The joy that lit up the sufferer's face amply repaid her. While he caressed the roses, Maggy then set to work to clean up the room. She found a broom and brush and proceeded to use them; she swept the room, washed the dishes and set them in their place, washed the windows and put curtains on them. The woman on the couch woke up, and seeing what was going on, lent a hand and at once bustled around with a conviction of which she had seemed altogether incapable. In a short while the room was spick and span, and the scrubbed floor shone brightly.

Maggy continued her visits through several days. One day she appeared with a big roll under her arm. It was wall paper. She played paper hanger, and with remarkable deftness papered the walls of the room with a paper displaying a bright flower pattern in which roses

predominated. It made the heretofore dingy room look wonderfully bright.

Early in spring the man died. "God sent me an angel," he said on his death-bed; "an angel who has taught me joy in suffering. Since she came, I have learned anew what it means to be happy. Yes, an angel of God, a sweet angel." These were his last words. If Maggy was looking for human reward for her work, she must have found it in such gratitude.

VIII. HIGHER FINANCE

What aroused the wonder of all was, where she got the means to accomplish all her charity. In her ceaseless rounds she must have expended considerable sums. She herself revealed the secret to her confidante.

"You give so much," said Johanna to her one day, when Maggy seemed to outdo herself in generosity. "You will ruin yourself."

"Well," replied Maggy simply, "can anyone see this misery and wretchedness and not try to help? I confess, I can't do it."

"But where do you get all the money from?" asked Johanna.

"It is true," answered the girl reflectively, it seemed; "I do give more than I earn by my teaching—more than I can really afford. But—the dear God never forgets me. When my money is gone, I beg for more for my poor."

The fact was she gave her own clothing and her own food away. If charitable people were kind enough to give her money in response to her requests, well and good—it found its way to the poor. If not, she borrowed it, and went into debt for the sake of her poor. More than once she made raids on her mother's cupboard, and then linens, clothes and shoes disappeared to find a wearer somewhere in the slums. Her mother, of course, knew, and winked at these depredations.

Margaret not only gave to the poor—she also worked, practically slaved for them. During whatever leisure moments she had in the course of the day, and often during the long hours of the night, she could be seen mending clothes for them and even patching and soling shoes. If sleep overcame her at her work, she laid her things aside, knelt before a crucifix and smiling up at the image of Christ Crucified, the God of Charity, she breathed a fervent prayer. Then she lay down to take a short rest—very short indeed. For bright and early she was up again, for another day, just as crowded as the one before.

IX. HER FINAL SACRIFICE

Sorrow came to her, as it comes to everyone; only, it touched her tender heart more deeply than it does most men. One of her hardest trials was to see her three brothers march off in the Great War, and to behold her mother's grief grow day by day. The boys had been at the front for a long time and news of them had stopped coming. The mother was almost broken hearted. One day Maggy found her in tears.

"What is it, Mother?" asked Maggy with tender concern. "What's wrong?"

"My boys!" she answered, giving vent to the grief that was with her day and night. "God knows, they may be dead by now."

"Don't cry, Mother," replied the girl, caressing her. "Don't cry. All three will certainly come back to you—most certainly."

There was such a tone of conviction, almost prophetic, in the girl's voice that the mother looked up astonished.

"What do you mean? How do you know?" she asked. But Margaret said no more. The mother did not know—no one in fact, knew, what Margaret had done. She had offered her life to God for her three brothers, that they might return to their mother. They can do more for mother than I, she told herself and her divine Lover. And with her life, she offered her dearest ambition. She had always wanted to enter the convent. In fact, only a few days before she had been accepted into the community of the nuns called "The Daughters of the Cross," and her entrance was soon to follow. This would not be.

This offering of her life Maggy made in January, 1916. Somehow, now, our Lord made her understand that her sacrifice had been accepted in heaven. Margaret, at least, was entirely convinced of it; this is clearly revealed in her actions. She began at once to prepare for death. She practiced with her choir the Requiem that was to be sung at her funeral, and by little allusions, tried to prepare her companions gradually for the separation so soon to take place. Her countenance, grave yet radiant, became almost angelic. She read constantly St. Alphonsus' little book, "Preparation for Death." But she did not withdraw from any of her work; she kept on teaching and visiting the poor as usual.

On March 4, she dictated to her pupils in school a passage from St. Alphonsus' book, and added:

"My dear children, reflect well on this dictation. Keep yourselves

ready always; for, you will see it, one may pass quickly from this world to the next."

The next day she came to school as usual. But extreme fatigue made her give up. She went home and devoted the rest of the day to preparing some pictures, rosaries and medals, which she had bought with the last of her money, for a mission. Then she put in order all her school books and singing books, as well as the book of addresses of all her protégés in the Flemish quarter.

On March 8, the Friday after Ash-Wednesday, the doctor was sent for.

"A little fever," he declared after examining her condition; "it is nothing; I shall return to-morrow." Margaret, seemingly transfigured with a vision from the other world, only smiled in reply.

With this smile on her lips, that evening, at ten o'clock, she died.

"Mother! Mother!" These were her last words. Were they words of concern for her earthly mother—or were they words of welcome to her heavenly Mother, Mary?

She was just twenty-three years old.

When they wanted to lay out her body and prepare it for burial, they found her wardrobe absolutely empty. She had managed to smuggle everything to her beloved poor.

(The End.)

NECESSARY INEQUALITY

The necessary inequalities of life and consequently of legislation are thus trenchantly and briefly put by Dr. John A. Ryan:

"Nothing is more unequal than to treat unequals equally. They are saying give women perfect freedom before the law—the right to contract. Having seen what such a policy has meant for men we know what its future would be for women. I believe in class legislation. Every group needs special legislation—bankers, farmers, men, women, children—in other words, distributive justice in social legislation."

"Nothing is more opposite to charity, or more fatal to salvation, than the evil reports we make of one another, whether they be true or false."

Benediction Hymns

II. THE "TANTUM ERGO"

T. N., C. Ss. R.

The second hymn of the Benediction service is known as the "Tantum Ergo." It is likewise from the pen of the great theologian and philosopher, St. Thomas Aquinas. The first verse reads:

"Tantum Ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.
Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the Sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail.
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail."

"Tantum ergo Sacramentum"—"so great (tantum) a Sacrament therefore (ergo)." So great and marvelous, indeed, is this Sacrament, that it can never be sufficiently extolled, for this Sacrament is as big and wise and all-embracing as God Himself—for this Sacrament is God. "Sacrament"—in its most ancient meaning, was a sum of money deposited with the judge by the parties in a civil suit, the loser forfeiting his portion. The Blessed Sacrament is a great sum indeed, an infinite pledge of God's good faith, left with us as a security that He will fulfill His promise to give us Himself in the next life. In the early Church, "Sacrament," was used quite generally in the meaning of a "mystery," and was only later restricted to the seven great channels of God's grace. See how the great mysteries are contained in the Holy Eucharist! How unintelligible to men that a God, after lowering Himself to become man, should by a miracle shut Himself up under the form of food, and that the most common food, and then allow His creatures to summon Him to perform the same miracle for them whenever they pleased! And if this is impossible to comprehend, who can fathom the greater mystery of the reason for all this—God's love? Who will

explain to us how a God, infinitely happy in Himself, could go so far in order to win for Himself the affection of men, and sinful men at that? A great mystery indeed! The little word "ergo," "therefore," refers to the foregoing stanzas of the "Pange Lingua," which tells so simply and forcibly the story of the institution of this so great Sacrament.

"Veneremur cernui,"—"let us venerate, prostrate (cernui)." What do we venerate, kneeling thus before the altar? Is it that little piece of Bread in the center of the golden rays? No, we are not kneeling to a piece of bread, but to what once was a piece of bread, but which now is the living, risen Body of our Redeemer, with the marks of His wounds in His hands and feet and side. And our bodies are prostrate in the dust before him for out of that dust He has fashioned them, and to that dust they will return, until the great final day, when this mortal thing shall put on immortality, and this corruptible thing put on incorruption, and these earthly eyes shall see Him as He is, and no longer disguised, incognito to many, as He now resides among us.

"Et antiquum documentum," "and (let) the ancient type"—The reference here is to the sacrifices and the ceremonies of the Old Law, to the bloody sacrifices of the Patriarchs; to the daily slaughter of victims in the Temple; and the sprinkling of blood; to the offering of bread and wine by Melchisedech; to the ark of the Covenant; to the Paschal Lamb; in a word, to all the figures and symbols that foreshadowed the good things to come.

"Novo cedat ritui,"—"give way (cedat) to the new rite." The substance is here; let the shadows depart. The new rite, the unbloody Mass is here, the fulfillment of the former bloody sacrifices; the priceless Bread and Wine are here, the clean oblation that is offered among the Gentiles from the rising to the going down of the sun; the genuine Ark of the Covenant is here, wherein dwells not merely a special presence of God hid within the heavy veil of the Holy of Holies, wherein only the High Priest entered, and that but once a year; but God Himself is here in the quiet splendor of a small white Host, no longer hid in deep recesses, but out on the balcony of His tiny Tabernacle palace, where all may see Him, all may appeal to Him for mercy or favors, where He converses familiarly with all, and becomes for all both Food and Victim.

"Praestet fides supplementum"—"(let) faith afford a supplement."

Faith it is, indeed, that enables us to see more than bread here. "To them forms of bread appear; faith assures us; God is near." What a strange doctrine to one who measures God's ways by man's methods! "How could a God ever love men so much as to perform this extraordinary and unusual miracle in order to be near them?" they ask. And we reply that we don't understand how God could so love us, but we know from Faith that He does so love us, and that is enough for us. He Himself has said so. We believe Him.

"*Sensuum defectui*"—"to the defect of the senses." Catholics see with bodily eyes exactly what non-Catholics see, namely the outward appearances of bread. All the senses report is that it is bread, as far as they can tell us, but they are deficient. They do not reach the substance, but only its externals, and their deficiency is supplied by faith, which tells us that God's word is to be relied upon; and His word assures us that the Body of Our Lord is there.

"*Genitori, Genitoque*
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
 To the everlasting Father,
 And the Son who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from each eternally,
 Be salvation, honor, blessing,
 Might and endless majesty. Amen."

"*Genitori, Genitoque*"—"To the Father and to the Son." To the Father who gave us the Son and accepted His offer to die for us and live with us; to the Son who would not call us servants, but friends; who could not bear to leave us orphans; who wished to remain with us unto the consummation of the world.

"*Laus et jubilatio*"—"(*be*) praise and jubilation." "Praise" for such unbounded generosity; "jubilation," on our part at the reception of such a gift—so great a Sacrament.

"*Salus, honor, virtus quoque*"—"Salvation, honor, power also." "Salvation," not that we wish Him security from peril or safety, for nothing can harm God's majesty. But we rejoice that His perfect

happiness is unending and incapable of loss or lessening. "Honor," the infinite honor that the three Persons pay to each other, and all the honor of all creation as it fulfills its Maker's will. "Power also,"—again we do not pray that His dominion increase, for it is already infinite, but we exult in His omnipotence, better pleased that He should have all than that we should have a little.

"Sit et benedictio"—"be and thanksgiving." "Sit"—"let there be" refers to praise, jubilation, salvation, honor, power in the preceding lines. And "thanksgiving"—ah yes, profoundest thanks to our great God, become so small for love of us.

"Procedenti ab utroque"—"to Him who proceeds" (*procedenti*) from both." To the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of love, by whose overshadowing power the Son first took form of man in virginal womb, by whose overshadowing power the Son so often hides Himself beneath forms of bread in virginal hands.

"Compar sit laudatio,"—"be equal praise." Equal in all things are the three Divine Persons; to all Three be equal homage from man, created by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost.

After these stanzas are finished the Benediction is given in silence. The Blessing of His children over, our Lord is content to be again placed within the Tabernacle walls, there to await His visitors of another day or time. The priest leaves the altar and retires to the Sacristy; the people prepare to leave for their homes. And the choir chants as a recessional that glorious psalm of David, the "Laudate Dominum." They sing:

"Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, Laudate eum omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus, Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen."

"Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes"—"Praise ye the Lord, all nations." This psalm is an outburst of generosity in which the Jews, God's chosen people, who alone worshipped the true God, call upon all nations to praise their Lord, the exclusive Lord and Jehovah of the Jewish people. So we, before the Blessed Sacrament, would invite all men to acknowledge our God and praise His wonderful works.

"*Laudate Eum omnes populi*"—"Praise Him, all ye peoples," a repetition of the first phrase, as if we could never say it often enough.

"*Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus*,"—"Because His mercy towards us has been confirmed." Surely this is true. His mercy in coming to save us has been confirmed, strengthened by His remaining with us as a Hostage, as a pledge of the continuance of His mercy.

"*Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum*"—"And the truth of the Lord remaineth unto eternity." The Blessed Sacrament will remain only till the passing of the world, until the end of our way upon earth. But He who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, will not pass away, but will Himself be the reward of that Faith by which we know Him. He will be our Life for all eternity.

"*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto*"—"Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

"*Sicut erat in principio*"—"As it was in the beginning"; "*et nunc*"—"and is now"; "*et semper*"—"and always"; "*et in saecula saeculorum*"—"and through ages of ages."

The Church has added the "*Gloria Patria*" to all the Psalms; and a stanza of similar meaning to all her hymns, as we notice in the "*O Salutaris*" and the "*Tantum Ergo*." She would thereby teach us to express our gratitude to God frequently and heartily.

May these few words help us to appreciate the theology and the ardent devotion that lies hidden in the beautiful hymns used by the Church, when her Spouse comes forth from His quiet retreat to bless His faithful people.

(The End.)

After the name of Jesus, none is so dear to our hearts as that of Mary. How many souls have passed safely into Eternal Life invoking these sweet names! So died Mother St. Euphrasia—the foundress of the Good Shepherd Order—as the evening Angelus was ringing, on April 24, 1868. Would that all Christians recited the Angelus morning, noon and night in grateful love to God and His Blessed Mother!

"Joy is not found in the objects which surround us, it resides in the depths of the soul; one can possess it as well in the depths of an obscure prison as in a royal palace." Little Flower.

Play Square

CHAP. IX. ALL WON BY THE CODE

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Mary Brawley was wroth with the hero of the Thanksgiving game though her heart was surging with feelings of mingled pride over his victory and thanksgiving over his escape from whomsoever had taken and held him captive. She wanted to hear the whole story from his own lips and after the game had hoped to have him for herself for the evening. A kiss thrown from the shoulders of the Fordham students and a cheery wave of the hand had been all the notice he could give her as Fordham's march of triumph began. She well knew that long ere seven o'clock the march of victory had ceased and that hunger had driven the weary athletes and their friends homeward. A bounteous Thanksgiving meal had awaited the hero, Tom, but he did not come. To cap the climax a telephone message had bidden her lay aside the dainties for tomorrow and come to the Rectory of Father Dan at eight o'clock. The genial priest himself had telephoned.

"But, Father, dear," said Mary, "I have everything prepared. Send that rascal over and bring him yourself. It will be an honor to have you share our meal."

"I have other company besides the hero," said the priest. "In fact, Mary, there is quite a crowd here—you had better come over."

"But I, too, have company," said Mary. "Dick Gegan is here and was to stay to dinner."

"Bring him along," said the priest heartily. "I'll see that his one good hand proves no handicap; there will be plenty even for a man with his appetite."

Mary laughed, and, of course, could no longer refuse the invitation. However, she protested to Dick, who was assuaging the pangs of hunger with a turkey's "drumstick" held in his one good hand.

"I think Tom might have phoned and let me know where he is before this. Besides, I am bashful and only the Lord knows whom we shall meet at Father Dan's," said Mary. "His heart and his hospitality are as big as his house."

"Never mind, Mary," said Gegan. "The dinner you have prepared will keep till tomorrow and will taste just as good then."

"You goose," replied Mary tartly, "both you and Father Dan are forgetting tomorrow is Friday. The excitement of the victory has gone to your heads. It will be Saturday before we can eat it. Well—Father Dan will have to come and help us. So there!"

Mary quickly disposed of the viands and the dishes and was soon on her way to Father Dan's, with Dick as her escort. At the Rectory she was ushered by a maid into a drawing-room where she found Father Dan with Marty Clarty and his wife and the redoubtable Kid Baylik, whom Father Dan introduced as the guests of the evening.

Father Dan noticed Mary looking disappointedly for her brother and remarked: "We all know what you want, Mary, dear. You can't wait any longer to greet the hero. Very well, the others will excuse you and me for a while. You may have five minutes with the hero; and then I have something to tell you."

Mary was allowed a scant five minutes with her brother. Needless to say she employed them, after the first fervent embrace, in exercising a woman's privilege of asking more questions than lies in the possibility of a mere man to answer in one lifetime. Tom was rescued from his valiant though hopeless attempt to answer a tenth of them by Father Dan, who called Mary, telling her he had something of importance to say to her.

Let us draw a veil over the succeeding minutes as too sacred for prying eyes, so fraught were they with happiness for all concerned. What was the affair of importance Father Dan had to tell Mary—we all know. The good priest had planned to have Tom Brawley, Sr., or Will Wynn, as we know him, join Mary his daughter and Tom, his son at the priest's home that night and there reveal the parentage of Tom, Sr., to his loved ones. But Baylik, not knowing of the secret that veiled Will Wynn's life-story, had blurted out sufficient to put Tom, Jr., on the trail when the doughty little bantam had rescued the lad from his captors. So the plans of the priest had to be changed. Hence, Marty Clarty, who had been involved in the rescue and the daring plan of carrying Tom to the game in time to play, had perforce yielded to the eager questions of the boy and told him briefly the facts of his father's history. How delighted Tom, Jr., was to learn what he considered glad news we have already seen. And knowing his sister, Mary, he felt sure she would be equally joyful at such tidings. However, young Tom and old Tom both felt the task of breaking the news

to Mary to be beyond their powers and had enlisted the services of Father Dan.

Dear old Father Dan went simply and directly to the point. He narrated briefly to Mary the life-story of her father, telling of his early waywardness, his crime and punishment and his noble attempt to atone. He ended by a plea that Mary be merciful and forgive and forget the sorrow her father had caused the dear Mother—long since in her grave. Mary, noble girl that she was, insisted that there was no question of forgiveness but merely of duty in striving to make happy in future the life that had held so much of sorrow and pain. All the affection a good, clean, loyal Catholic girl can show a beloved parent Mary poured forth on poor old Tom Brawley when ushered into his presence and left alone with him by Father Dan. For the sake of the sire, who was overcome with joy, and overwhelmed by emotion, Father Dan made the meeting mercifully brief. His cheery voice announcing that dinner was ready and he himself half-starved summoned the children and their father from their private joy to share the merriment of the evening.

What a banquet that proved to be! That dinner, informal, in the home of the Shepherd of the Goats, which turned out to be not only a victory celebration but a real Thanksgiving Feast, alike for the Brawleys, the good priest, who had been God's instrument to bring joy out of sorrow, and Marty Clarty, his good wife, Joe Baylik, who shared the honors of victory with the hero, Tom, Jr., and Dick Gegan, who claimed that it was his usual good luck, which had failed him only in so far as to permit injury to keep him out of the greatest game in Fordham's history, that had brought him to the festive board. Father Dan had enlisted the services of a caterer to supplement the dainties already prepared by his efficient and motherly housekeeper. Joe Baylik, who shamelessly laid aside all training rules to sate his appetite with his usual voracity, declared in his own inimitable way that "when it came to decidin' on the quality of eats he was undisputed champion, and that he, Joe Baylik, would tell the world that Father Dan Dowling deserved a medal for providin' the best feed he, Joe Baylik, had ever sunk a tooth into." Marty Clarty laughingly retorted that if appreciation of Father Dan's hospitality had to be evidenced by the damage done the victuals—ther Joe Baylik surely put the others to shame. Joy, jollity and friendship reigned supreme. The game was discussed in every detail; speeches were made and good wishes extended.

Father Dan declared that the supreme moment in his long life of athletic activity had come when he saw Tom Brawley, Jr., emerge from the airplane. He declared that Joe Baylik would have the entire Fordham student body present at his next fight, cheering for him and that the deed of the bantam was equalled in boldness and resourcefulness by nothing similar in athletic annals.

"Aw—say, Father, lay off that stuff, please," said Baylik, blushing. "Marty Clarty deserves as much credit as me. You see, we had met the 'bulls' and they told us how they were searching for the crack football player who had been kidnapped by crooks and how they had a hunch he had been taken away in a plane. When we learned his name, Marty, who was wid me, spilled the beans as to his bein' the son of Will Wynn, and likewise how the old man's hopes was pinned on the kid. I thought it was hard luck, but didn't see how we could help 'cept by sayin' a prayer, which we sure did. As to my arrivin' on the very spot where they had the kid caged, why—you can call it chance or luck; but, I believe, it must have been an angel that made me do my greatest bone-head stunt and forget to put enough gas in my plane to carry me where I was goin'. So I had to land or crash and I picked out the only good spot and—presto chango! the scene is all set for me to stage a fight, rescue the kid, steal the gas from their cars and fly back to Marty, who has real brains, and plans how we get the kid to the game in time to win for him and his dad and his college."

"Yes, yes," said Father Dan, "I have heard you tell that tale at least a dozen times, and I must admit it is a good alibi in many respects to help you escape the honors due you. But you haven't told the company how it happened that you, a prize fighter, turned airman."

"Well," said Baylik, "there's nothin' to it. Just a little publicity stunt I planned to hit my opponent a psycho—sycho—hey, Marty, what on earth is that big word?"

"Psychological," answered Marty gravely, suppressing a smile.

"Dat's it—High-school logical," said Baylik. "I planned to hit my opponent of next week a high-school-logical punch by goin' the heavy-weight champ, who had a guy take him to his fight in a plane, one better by flyin' my own plane and landin' on the roof of the arena. So I tells Marty my plan and he says he'll come and help me break my fool neck and at the same time see the big game o' the team his old side-kick Bill, or Tom, or whatever his name is, has coached. So we

comes. I learn to do all kinds o' tricks in the air and there you have it, ladies and gents. I thank you—and now please excuse me while I eat another hunk o' that pie."

The laughter that greeted this extraordinary conclusion to a speech did not abash the Kid in the least. He devoured his pie with gusto and expedition while the men of the party, except himself and Tom, Jr., enjoyed their smokes.

Finally as the hands of the great clock in the dining-room drew near the hour of midnight, Marty Clarty bespoke an early conclusion of the festivities as several of the party intended to receive Holy Communion on the morrow and Father Dan, of course, was to say Mass. Then he added: "Now, friends, I may as well admit that I came from California all the way to New York not only to see today's great game and to witness Kid Baylik carry off the Bantam Championship, but especially and particularly because I myself and Mother Clarty have hopes of securing our old associate, Tom B. Brawley, Sr., for service at Lincoln College once more. "How about it, pal, are you through with baseball for good?"

"To tell the truth," said Tom surprisingly, "I hadn't given the future a thought. I am satisfied with the happiness of the present. I'd like to go with you, Marty, but it's only today I have been reunited with the dearest treasures I have on earth and I'd like to remain with them for a while. However, as soon as Mary enters the convent I suppose I'll have to leave Tom, Jr., to his studies for the medical profession, and then, Marty, old friend, I'll join you."

This announcement of the ex-convict was greeted by a shout of laughter from Father Dan, while Mary blushed furiously, Tom, Jr., seemed amazed, and Dick Gegan cast an aggrieved look at the speaker.

"Why, Daddy," Mary finally managed to gasp, "who on earth ever told you I was going to enter the convent?"

"And who is making a saw-bones of me?" breathlessly inquired his son.

"Why—why," stammered Tom, Sr., "I think Bull Gary told me that first of all and Father Dan never contradicted it."

Father Dan stilled his chortles of gleeful mirth long enough to remark: "Oh! Oh! The look on those children's faces! Listen, Tom, man, I think I did say once Mary might enter the convent, she is such a good girl. But Dick Gegan there, changed her mind—if she had her mind made up to enter."

"Nonsense, Father," said Mary still blushing. "You know I never had such an idea. There was no 'lost vocation' when I became engaged to Dick."

"Oh so! that is how the land lies," said Tom. "Let me shake hands again with my future son-in-law. When is the happy day to dawn?"

"June, Daddy," said Mary, "as soon as Dick gets his M. D. degree. You see he is to be the only Doctor in the family, at least so far as we know."

"And you, Son?" asked Tom turning to Tom, Jr.

"I hope to be a priest and some day become Assistant Shepherd of the Goats—if God permits," said the boy seriously. "I am to enter the Seminary next year."

"But—but," said Tom, "will they take the son of a convict to study for the priesthood?"

Father Dan laughed again. "Quite a theologian, aren't you, Tom Brawley?" asked the priest quizzically. "Well, put your mind at rest. The Cardinal settled all that before I advised your boy to go ahead. I'll welcome him as an assistant and my successor."

"I hate to spoil a reunion like this," said Marty, "but, really, Father Dan must be tired out and it isn't fair to keep him out of bed any longer. Let's adjourn this party till tomorrow night and have a house-warming at the Brawley's for the return of the head of the house."

The motion was carried by acclaim. Father Dan bade his grateful charges good-night. "The day has surely brought as much happiness to all of us as earth can give mere mortals," said he. "And isn't it wonderful to think it was all won by the Code—the code of the Sportsman's Prayer!"

"The Code be hanged with all due respect," blurted out Tom Brawley, Sr. "All the good things that have come to us are the Blessings of God, and the blessing of God is on us all because we have learned to follow the advice of one of God's sterling, faithful priests who taught us to walk in the way of God's Law. Under God, dear Father Dan Dowling, we owe all we have to you and your help. God bless you always."

Tom spoke the thoughts of his heart and in the hearts of all. All nodded silent assent, overcome by emotion. It was Baylik who broke the spell. "You said a mouthful, buddy," he exclaimed, slapping the speaker on the back, "Father Dan ought to be Pope."

"Both of you kissed the Blarney-stone," said Father Dan. "But I must say, your happiness in the blessings God has sent you are no greater than the joy in my heart at having such faithful sheep, or children, or goats—what shall I call you? Now be off with you, and I'll see you all, please God, in the morning."

"Your blessing first, Father, dear," pleaded Tom, Sr., falling on his knees, an example quickly followed by the others.

A tear stole silently down the cheek of the priest. He raised his hands over the little group and fervently breathed:

"The Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain with you always. Amen."

With which prayer, dear readers, let us drop the curtain on the dawn of joy for Tom Brawley and his family and friends, praying the same prayer for every good priest, since each of them is, at heart, another Father Dan.

(THE END.)

A BIT OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

"Half the fun of life," says Fred Kelly, "seems to be derived from hoping to do something else or to be somewhere else.

"We all think we would like to be doing something else.

"I know a business man who appears to have the world at his feet, but regards all his triumphs thus far as preliminary to buying a little island up in Vermont and studying carrier pigeons.

"Often as I sit caged up in my room writing little pieces for newspapers, I think how fine it would be to have a job out in the open spaces.

"But I never talked to a man driving an ice wagon or doing any other outside work, who didn't think he would like to exchange for a job which provides more sitting down.

"It is comforting to know that no matter what your job is, somebody is probably envying you."

A good life makes a man wise according to God and gives great experience.

Catholic Anecdotes

A REAL MOTHER

Aunt Lizzie Kelly, of Evansville, Ind., who takes in boarders and does washing, at seventy-three, has attracted attention by taking a year-old boy to rear.

A census of the harvest of her mothering activities was made and it was found that she had cared for seven children of her own, four step-children, and a niece, and seventeen others who had just needed an abundantly mothered home.

Asked what her plans for the future were, she said she expected to work as long as she could and hoped that when she was too old to get around she would be placed in an orphanage.

A woman who nurtures and helps to support thirty children, adopting the last one, a mere infant, after having passed the biblical allotment of man's time on earth, may worry about tomorrow, but never about the future.

She knows instinctively that her declining years must be a serene evening.

LOST NAMES

"Who wrote the Litany of the Blessed Virgin? I do not know. But I do know that he who did was wise with the wisdom of the one who wrote the Imitation of Christ. Both veiled their faces and concealed their names. Both threw away earthly immortality for something greater; and I am selfishly glad they did. In the 'Imitation' we feel that our Father, Jesus Christ, is speaking directly to our hearts. In the Litany we feel that we ourselves are gathering and binding together a sheaf of unmatched flowers, giving them into the hands of our Mother, to be laid in gratitude before the throne of her Son."—*Bishop Kelley.*

Pointed Paragraphs

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We wish all our Readers a Happy New Year.

Everyone instinctively desires happiness. Everyone speaks about it. But in this age, somehow, men seem not to be sure any more what real happiness means. They grope for it stumblingly in pleasures and momentary satisfactions—in things around them.

Happiness! No Catholic, in fact no Christian, can use that word without a thought of heaven. Heaven is the only true and complete happiness and nothing is happy on earth except insofar as it means an approach to that happiness unending.

Happy is he who has God's help in all life's troubles, dangers, trials, temptations;

Happy is he who seeks true conformity of will with that of the heavenly Father;

Happy is he who enjoys the presence of God in all things and especially the presence of God in himself by means of Holy Communion;

Happy is he who knows how to converse with God in prayer;

Happy is such a one no matter what life's chances and vicissitudes may bring. For such a one is content. And content is happiness.

EXPLICIT OPUS

On the last page of some old books whose pages are speckled with yellow stains from age, and whose pig-hide covers are cracked and warped from varying temperature—old books that have come down to us from days before Columbus discovered America—I find the words: "Explicit Opus."

In modern times we generally find the words: "The End." It seems to represent two different view-points.

So one would say of the year just closing: "That's the end of the year 1926."

But it is not the end of it, really. It is not simply cast into the dis-

card. It is, or ought to be, the end of all its worries, all its grouches and grumblings, all its quarrelse and discontents. But it is not the end of its influence: The good we have done lives on in our character—the evil, too, shows its traces there. And its results are written in the book of life. We shall have to face the record again some day.

It is better to say: Explicit opus—the year lies unrolled before us.

Let us take one serious look at it to thank God for the joys and consolations it brought—let us thank Him for the opportunities and chances given even amid sorrow and disappointments, and let us learn from its days lessons that will enable us to glean richer results from the New Year—not only in happiness here—but in the happiness we hope for in the new and unending year of eternity.

A MODERN HEAVEN

Some time ago the President of one of the oldest and largest non-sectarian colleges in the country used the following remarkable words:

"Forty years ago the prevailing idea of Heaven was exemplified by the words of the Psalmist: 'O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!' Now after forty years of training in the public schools and colleges of this country the prevailing idea of heaven has changed.

"We know that heaven is right here upon this earth and consists in the reciprocal exchange of kind offices between man and man, between rich and poor, between master and servant.

"The humble laborer, the simple clerk, understand the dignity of their positions, and find delight and heaven itself in the consciousness that they are all-important in the present scheme of civilization; that without their humble and invaluable assistance, the higher, nobler, richer and more glorious ranks of society and civilization could not exist."

Wonderful! Now we know that everybody is happy! I am making Rockefeller rich—therefore I am in heaven!

All this our Faith gives us—only more effectively, because it gives us the means to steady, encourage and aid us in the accomplishment. But Faith gives us more; it gives us a true and infallible certainty of a greater happiness to come—a happiness which means, being at rest from life's struggles and hardships, but enjoying eternal life with God.

A TRAGIC SITUATION

Justice Thomas C. T. Crain, of the Supreme Court of New York, some weeks ago, made an address to a group of more than 400 Protestant clergymen in New York. Judge Crain is not a Catholic. He is a man, however, who by reason of his position and work, can be trusted to know conditions in a typical modern city. His words, as quoted by "America," are certainly emphatic:

"I invoke God's aid," said the Judge, "in order that I may give voice to that which is in my heart, for I am overburdened with a sense of danger to the Church because of the absence of the children from the place of worship on Sunday morning. There is only one word which describes this condition, and it is: "tragic." It is symptomatic of a dying Church.

"Jesus stands on the shores and asks: 'Children do you love Me?' And they answer 'No.'"

Why don't they go to Church? Because religion means nothing to them. Why do they answer, "no"? Because they do not know Him, our Lord. And what is the reason they do not know Him? Because they never had an opportunity. There was no religious teaching in their homes, and possibly little practice; there is none in their books; there is none in the schools.

"Faith comes by hearing," says St. Paul. Where could they hear about Christ?

AN IMPORTANT PASTORAL LETTER

The Catholic Bishops of the United States have recently issued a letter in which they tell us plainly what is happening in Mexico and what will be its outcome.

We quote a few passages from the letter.

To the State would come no less evil results. With the check of religious influence gone, history for her also would be repeated. She would forget her dreams of democracy and actually become a despotism. Corruption would increase with power to confer ecclesiastical emoluments upon the unworthy. She would merit and receive the hatred of just men at home and the contempt of just men abroad. A "Holy Synod," doing the unholy work of despotism, would gradually absorb

her strength and seize her power as a most convenient machinery of government. Whatever of good is in her ideals would be shattered on one of the oldest rocks that lie hidden in the waters of political life.

The question that we are considering then is vital both to the Church and to the State. However blind may be the advocates of such plans in government to their evils, the Mexican Church prefers, if she must, to perish defending her Divine Constitution and the religious rights of her people rather than to accept the alternative of a slavery that would mean the disgrace of faithlessness, as well as ultimate ruin to her spiritual mission. In fact, the Church in Mexico has no choice; for merely to continue her public religious functions under these oppressive and unjust conditions would be an open declaration that she had submitted to them, and thus had taken a first step toward divorcing herself from the unity of the Church Universal.

If, then, because of the fact that the persecution in Mexico is directed against all the principles of religion, we should speak as the servants of God; if, because it is unloosed particularly against the religion of the majority of the people of Mexico, we should speak as Catholics; there are grave reasons, too, why we have a duty to speak as Americans attached to the institutions of our country and loving them for the benefits they have conferred upon us all. The Government of Mexico has, indeed, by its actions in our very midst, made it necessary that we should no longer guard silence, for it has carried its war on religion beyond its own boundaries through organized propaganda in many countries, but especially in our own.

Through its diplomatic and consular agents in the United States that Government appeals to the American people to justify its actions. In consequence we have before us the extraordinary spectacle of a foreign government, not only filling our country with propaganda in favor of its own internal plans and policies, but even attempting to justify and defend, in our nation, laws and conduct at variance with fundamentals set down in imperishable documents by the Fathers of this Republic. Misinterpreting our good-natured tolerance for a neighbor still disturbed by consequences of many military upheavals, the Government of Mexico has thus presumed to appeal to our fellow citizens for approval. This actually amounts to the submission of its case for judgment to a court beyond its own boundaries; pleading, not before its own citizens who, according to its Constitution, form the only court competent to

pass upon it, but before strangers who claim no jurisdiction over their neighbor's political affairs, and whose only interest in them is a desire for the well-being of the people of Mexico and their own peace in amicable mutual relations. The Government of Mexico cannot, therefore, object, under such circumstances, if the case it has thus presented for judgment be considered in the light of American principles, as embodied in our fundamental laws, and in the light of Christian principles, since it appeals for the sympathy of Christians; nor, since it claims great zeal for the advancement of education, if the statements it has presented in support of its pleading be submitted to the test of history. These are the things we purpose to do, so that, not only will our own citizens be fully informed of the interests at stake, but the Mexican people will not be without benefit of advocate before the court to which their rulers have actually but mistakenly appealed.

What, therefore, we have written is no call on the faithful here or elsewhere to purely human action. It is no interposition of our influence either as Bishops or as citizens to reach those who possess political power anywhere on earth, and least of all in our own country, to the end that they should intervene with armed force in the internal affairs of Mexico for the protection of the Church. Our duty is done when, by telling the story, defending the truth and emphasizing the principles, we sound a warning to Christian civilization that its foundations are again being attacked and undermined. For the rest, God will bring His will to pass in His own good time and in His own good way. Mexico will be saved for her mission whatever it may be. That this mission is now to give a great example of Christian patience and to demonstrate the force of faith undaunted, we may well believe. For the future we may take confidence from the examples of other nations that went through the same fiery furnace of persecution and emerged, triumphantly prepared for great things. The Mexican nation once proved its inherent worth by its rapid advancement in Christian civilization. For the days of De Gante and Zumárraga, Las Casas and Motolinia, as well as those of Junipero Serra, who carried the work of the missionaries into what is now our own land, Mexico has no need to offer apology.

We ought to read simple and devout books as willingly as those that are high and profound.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help IN ST. LOUIS

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

A most interesting and edifying book could be written, or is it better to say should be written, of the Novenas to our Mother of Perpetual Help that are given each year throughout our Province and Vice-Province.

Each house could supply a large and beautiful chapter. So, while I wait and hope that some bright angel will inspire some bright mind to this task, may I not attempt to give the chapter from St. Louis, Missouri.

Of course, every reader of the LIGUORIAN knows that St. Louis is the Capitol of the Western Province of the Redemptorist Order. The Church attached to the Monastery is one of the great landmarks of Catholicity in that leading Catholic city. It is the Church of St. Alphonsus, but is known far and wide as the "Rock Church". Here the zeal of Priests and the sacrifices of people have built a lovely shrine to the honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. It is of Lancet Gothic style, and occupies the entire southern transept of the church. From this shrine the love of our Mother of Perpetual Help has gone forth to thousands of homes. Around this shrine cling the sweetest memories of Mary's children, not the least of which is the recent Novena which closed on December 8th, 1926.

On the opening day of this Novena the attendance was estimated at close to fifteen thousand. Besides the early morning Masses there were eight other services throughout the day, thus, at ten in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening at two, three-thirty, four forty-five, six, seven-fifteen, and eight-thirty. At each of the services the Rock Church was overcrowded. Vestibule, aisles, sanctuary and sacristies were filled. A special cordon of police was necessary to relieve the heavy traffic thus caused. Their assistance was as praiseworthy as it was indispensable. If you wonder how order could be

maintained in the Church with such enormous crowds you will quickly be told that the Usher Society of the Rock Church yields first place to none other in efficiency.

Day after day the attendance kept on increasing—a silent, obedient, respectful, attentive congregation—until, towards the end of the Novena we had in one day over eighteen thousand clients around our Mother's shrine. I know you think I am exaggerating. I have nothing to gain by doing so. A prominent business man of St. Louis said to me, "I could never have believed this unless I saw it with my own eyes." There were in those vast congregations souls not only from St. Louis, but from other places in Missouri, and from towns in Illinois within a radius of fifty and sixty miles of St. Louis.

Needless to say, Our Blessed Mother obtained from her Divine Son great rewards for such great faith. Only God can tell how many fallen-away and lukewarm Catholics came back to the fervent practice of their holy religion. You ask for miracles? This is the greatest of miracles, that God's grace can so guide the free will of man as to effect an extraordinary conversion from sin to virtue. The salvation of the Magdalen was a greater miracle than the healing of the palsied form or the leprous body. The conversion of the thief on the cross was more astounding than the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Yet even in the natural order the power of the love of Our Mother of Perpetual Help was felt in those blessed days. The number of thanksgivings for temporal favors received was in the thousands.

Some well-meaning and devout people, even in the Catholic fold, criticize such public demonstrations as these novenas. They claim that too much emphasis is thus placed on secondary devotions, and that the great central devotion of our Faith, Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, is neglected or forgotten.

Now the best proof of a soul's love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is first, its appreciation of Holy Mass, and second, the union of that soul with its Divine Lover in frequent Holy Communion. Any devotion that will serve as a means to establish this blessed end must be soundly and sanely spiritual. In all our Novenas to the Blessed Virgin we labor towards this end, and, thanks be to God, those labors are wondrously successful. Our Mother of Perpetual Help brings souls to the love of God. What greater justification could there be for the devotion?

The last day of the Novena in St. Louis was inspiring. The shrine

was a dream of loveliness. At each service the little children consecrated themselves to their Blessed Mother, and the congregation, taking example from the little ones, placed their love and its promises, in solemn consecration, on the holy shrine. The Papal blessing was then imparted, and a tone of sadness crept into the farewell words of the Missionaries. "We thank God for the extraordinary privilege conferred upon us in the conducting of this Novena. We thank the Community of the Rock Church for the encouragement and help they gave us in our work. We are grateful for the edifying attention of our Mother's children to all our words. And if we shall not meet again in life may we not now part with the hope that some day we shall meet, never to part again, around the Golden Shrine of Paradise to praise and thank forever Our Mother of Perpetual Help."

St. Rose of Lima, the first flower of sanctity of the new world, while still a child took upon herself the care of a little chapel to the Blessed Virgin. She delighted in keeping it exquisitely clean and beautifully decorated. She bore a special devotion to the image of Our Blessed Lady and the Holy Child in this chapel.

How many a little chapel is found in the homes of the pious this day! How well they are cared for! And how the hearts of the caretakers remain there as an undying vigil light!

My Bethlehem

O my joy is just as real,
When the chimes of Christmas peal,
As the Shepherds once did feel
Who adored.

And the Angels as they sing
Glory to the Infant King
Make my heart with rapture ring,
Jesus Lord.

O I need no gleaming star
To tell me where You are
And to lead me from afar,
Jesus dear.

For the feeling in my breast,
As You come to be my Guest
Tells me that my house is blest
With You here.

—M. J. R.

Catholic Events

In his consistorial allocution of December 20, Pope Pius XI reviewed the events of the year just closing. He opened with a note of gladness, speaking of the "happy events" of the year,—the numerous beatifications, the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, the Franciscan centenary and the consecration of the native Chinese Bishops. Of the Eucharistic Congress, he said:

"The New World has happily vied with the old; and in the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago has written the most splendid page in Eucharistic history, both for the truly gigantic scope in its external proportions, and for the splendid manifestation of faith, piety and Christian life.

"This Congress constituted one of the greatest religious events in the twenty centuries of the history of the Church, which is so accustomed to triumphs,—one that has never been equalled.

"A few months before, we had proclaimed to the world the kingship of Christ. At Chicago the entire world prostrated itself before the Divine Eucharistic King, and a tremendous procession sang in all languages: "Oh, hidden King, I Thee adore; come Thou and reign."

* * *

Then the Holy Father passed on to conditions in Italy. After speaking of the storms "this land so dear to us for reasons of nature and faith" had to endure during the year,—the attempts on the life of the Premier, and especially, the offenses against churches, bishops, priests and faithful committed in the name of order, he concluded:

"We hope and trust that there will be no more reason for making such statements or conceiving such fears. We hope and believe that there has been removed and cast out any reason for further differences, and placed in its stead assurances which will instil confidence in all good and honest men, so that there will be unanimous co-operation for the common good and for the common prosperity, and that this co-operation will be co-ordinated and efficacious."

* * *

Speaking next of Mexico, the Pope again condemned those who persecute religion in that country. He said:

"In Mexico persecution has raged for long months with inhuman ferocity and impiety, trampling all that refers to God or His Church, mistreating a noble and generous people as a horde of slaves and malefactors, after having offended them in their most intimate and sacred feelings.

"All this takes place under the pretext of laws, which bear only the name of laws, since they are manifestly contrary to every human and divine right.

"It is because of this that the behaviour of the persecuted Catholics

in all of that generous, suffering country, in the midst of such sad and repugnant conditions, appears all the more beautiful and admirable. Archbishops, bishops, priests, religious, laymen, rich and poor,—men and women, adults and young, boys and girls in the flower of life,—have given for months a spectacle worthy of the admiration of all men and of the angels of heaven . . . some even have suffered death. These last went to their death proclaiming Christ, the King. . . . They spread the way with the flowers of martyrdom, which will not be lost and will make more beautiful the glorious day of triumph and peace that their acts hasten. They made it more complete by imploring, with the loud voice of their blood, repentance and pardon for their persecutors." His Holiness declared that he prays each day for the coming of the day of peace in Mexico, and asked all to pray with him.

* * *

The Plenary Council recently convened in Lisbon is not merely a confirmation of the religious resurrection of Portugal, it is at the same time a symbol and a promise of hope for the Catholics of all nations subjected to religious persecution. The religious renaissance in Portugal is nothing short of a miracle,—in fact it has been characterized as a "collective conversion".

Just fifteen years ago Portugal was the scene of a political revolution which was immediately transformed into a religious persecution. Convents were destroyed; religious were driven out; churches were burned, bishops attacked; Catholic worship was proscribed and religious instruction prohibited; church property was confiscated and the religious marriage service declared null and void; atheism triumphed in the universities and demagoguery triumphed in the streets. Portuguese Catholics lived through days more bitter even than the present period in Mexico.

The present national Council is a sign of the tremendous change which has come about since then. Among the Bishops at the Council are many who bear on their bodies the permanent traces of the tortures and sufferings which they endured for the faith. But the greatest miracle of all is, that at this Council, during the sessions at which relations of Church and State are discussed, are gathered also the cabinet ministers of that republic which fifteen years ago declared war to death on the Church.

* * *

In speaking of conditions in France, His Holiness dealt with the recent difficulties over the Action Francaise (the Royalist Party), and admonished Catholics to direct their attention to union in defence of their religious rights, placing these above political considerations.

"It is not licit," he said, "for Catholics to adhere to or co-operate with a program or school of action that puts politics before religion and makes religion serve politics. It is not licit to expose oneself or others, especially the young, to influences dangerous to faith or morals."

His Holiness then invited the French Catholics to unite on religious grounds to defend the Church, Christian marriage, the family and Christian education outside of and before all political division or union.

The Archbishops and Bishops of America have issued a joint Pastoral Letter on conditions in Mexico. It is a challenge to every fair-minded American. The purpose of the Bishops is to show by a relation of facts which cannot possibly be gainsaid the conditions which now prevail beyond the Rio Grande, and to expose the falsity of the claims made by the leaders of the revolution in Mexico.

This notable document is divided into two parts. The first discusses the Mexican Government "in the light of American and Christian principles" thus accepting Mexico's submission of the case to the American people. The second part is devoted to an exposition of what the Church has done for Mexico. We quote from the Pastoral Letter in our Pointed Paragraphs.

The Knights of Columbus are doing a very good work in spreading this Pastoral Letter as well as other literature on the Mexican situation.

* * *

The great strides made by the National Catholic Federation in France, which at the end of the second year of its existence has succeeded in organizing two and a half million men, are revealed in a message to federation members published by General de Castelnau in the official bulletin of the organization. The federation, he points out, has already become a force to be reckoned with in shaping public opinion, outstripping in numbers all other leagues in France.

Justifying the existence of such a National Catholic Federation for the protection of Catholic interests, General de Castelnau says:

"Following the terrible war of 1870, the Church in France still moved in an atmosphere of intense interior and exterior activity. The public authorities of the time still supported it with their respectful sympathy; the parliamentary majority recognized the doctrines of the Gospel. There was no country in which work of Christian inspiration was so extensive; educational work of every kind, works of charity, or beneficence, of social aid, not to speak of the work in behalf of the Propagation of the Faith How could a sudden storm uproot, disperse, annihilate this magnificent flowering of admirable work? . . . A whole series of philosophical, economic and even religious considerations may be invoked to explain it. But was it not due to the unorganized state of the elements of resistance, scattered over the country, Catholic institutions and societies at that time were not protected, covered and defended by the ramparts of a powerful organization such as a federation of stable, well-informed disciplined groups, and the voices raised in elective and other assemblies in defence of Catholic interests were not supported and amplified by the powerful 'orchestra' mentioned by Windhorst, the great leader of the German Catholic Center. The times changed, and the Catholics did not perhaps change with the times. If Catholics do not want to bend to the exigencies of modern life, they will be as dust at the moment of the lightest breath of the spirit of evil."

* * *

The Church Unity Octave will be celebrated as usual from the 18th of January to the 25th.

Some Good Books

Candles' Beams. By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.00 net.

Stories from the pen of Father Finn need no commendation, for his very name sets upon them the seal of excellence. This is a collection of six of his shorter stories that take their title from the opening one. You will be pleased with the color and variety of the scenes portrayed.

The True Life. By Rev. Franz Ruemmer. Translated from the German by Isabel Garahan, B.A. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.25 net.

A book of some hundred pages aptly subtitled: "A Little Book on Grace." In a style rich and colorful the author introduces his reader to the life of God in the heart of the Christian. He has avoided the more severe form of scientific research, preferring for the most part to present his thoughts in the more appealing form of pictures culled from the New Testament writers. A meditative reading of the six chapters will undoubtedly do much to fulfill the author's prayer that God may move many hearts to treasure and live the Inner Life.

Chats and Stories About the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by the Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, \$1.25; postage 10c.

Our Catholic young people must indeed be dear to Father Herbst. Witness the various volumes he has published to awaken and increase in them a love for a life of unselfish service of God and their fellowmen. This new one from his busy pen is primarily intended to foster love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the frequent and fervent reception of Holy Communion, and lofty appreciation of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Written for the most part in the form of dialogue, its contents are in very truth "Chats and Stories about the Blessed Sacrament."

The Vision Beyond. By Maurice V. Reidy. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.50 net.

The scenes of this story are laid in Dublin and in the West of Ireland; the period of time covered is the interval between the suppression of the Irish Insurrection of 1798 and the passing into Law of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland. That Act and the circumstances that led up to it have gained interest in view of the triumphs achieved by Ireland in recent history. In his hero and heroine—Edward O'Hanlon and Eleanor Quinn—the author has portrayed the men and women who fought and suffered that Ireland might be free.

Martha Jane at College. By Inez Specking. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

There is not a dull page or even line in this entire tale. We can vouch for this statement for we have read the book from cover to cover. Martha Jane is a delightful character, full of life and fun and yet withal endowed with a wholesome seriousness that flowers into noble deeds for God and fellowmen, in particular for "her orphans" and Japanese and Chinese babies.

In the Workshop of St. Joseph. By Rev. B. J. Heuser, D.D. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.50 net.

A more popular-priced edition of the book reviewed in the LIGUORIAN for July of this year.

The Manichees as St. Augustine Saw Them. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$0.50 net.

In a paper-covered volume of slightly more than fifty pages the author presents a study of the struggle the great Bishop of Hippo waged against the Manichees and their solution of the problem of evil. The thoroughness which signalizes all the other writings of Father Rickaby shines forth likewise in this volume.

Lucid Intervals

Teacher—Give me a sentence with the word "analyze."

Small Boy—My sister Anna says she never makes love, but oh, how Analyze.

Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts—the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eye and the brains, if any; the chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver; the stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which they are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

"Rather absent-minded, isn't he?"

"Extremely so. Why, the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think."

"And did he finally remember it?"

"Yes, he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early."

Hubby—I've bought a pet monkey to amuse you, dearest.

Wifey—You are so thoughtful! Now I'll not miss you when you're away.

O'Keefski—Such extravagance. It should be reported to the Commune.

Patrickshonouf—How come?

"That bum, Ivan Toastwich, wears a tie under his beard."

Traffic Cop—Hey, What do you mean speeding along here like a mad-man? Want to kill somebody? Why don't you use your noodle?

New Car Owner—Noodle? Noodle? Where in heck is that? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard but I couldn't stop her.

Vest—Do you dread wash day?

Shirt—I shrink from it.

Isaac and Moses dined in a restaurant that was new to them, and were pained seriously by the amount of the check. Moses began to expostulate

in a loud voice, but Isaac hushed him with a whisper:

"'Sh! I haf the spoons in my pocket."

He—You look very beautiful tonight. She—Flatterer!

He—Really! I had to look twice before I recognized you.

Beezle—I went home quite a bit under the weather last night and my wife didn't suspect a thing.

Bub—Couldn't she smell your breath?

Beezle—That's just it. I ran the last block home and when I got to her I was all out of breath.

An Englishman staying at a Nevada ranch suggested that his host should take a walk with him to a mountain that looked close at hand. The Englishman was deceived in the appearance of the distance owing to the rarity of the atmosphere. After walking several hours the mountain seemed no nearer.

Returning by a different route, the pair came upon an irrigated field.

At the first ditch the Englishman sat down and began to remove his shoes.

"What are you going to do?" inquired the Nevadan.

The Englishman contemplated the ditch and said, "Why, I'm going to swim this blooming river."

A Scot applied for a position as patrolman on the London police force. Here is a question they put to him in Scotland Yard and his answer:

"Suppose, MacFarland, you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it, quickly with the least trouble."

"I would pass the hat."

"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?" asked Sam's new employer.

"Well, boss," said Sam, "I dussay I could do moh'—but I neveh was one for showin' off."

Redemptorist Scholarships

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